

DEAFMUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME L

Published Every Thursday
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1921.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year

NUMBER 13

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

"If,"
If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you
If you can trust yourself when all men
Doubt you.

But make allowance for their doubting
too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too
wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams
your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts
your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the
same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap of
fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken;
And stoop and build them up with worn-
out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your
winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-
toss;
And lose, and start again at your begin-
nings
And never breathe a word about your
loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and
sinew
To serve your turn long after they are
gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in
you;
Except the will which says to them,
"Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the com-
mon touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can
hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too
much

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance
run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in
it,
And which is more—you'll be a man,
my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

The Bishop's Coadjutor

By Mabel Earle

The stagecoach was rolling briskly out of Trapper's Bend. Just as Jim Farron, the driver, flung out the whiplash over the flanks of his leaders, a shout from the alder bushes at the left made him pause.

"Hi, there! Wait a minute, Jim! Wait for the bishop!"
The bishop was swinging himself down over the wheel of a lumber wagon on the other side of the fence. At sight of his white head and gold-rimmed spectacles, Jim Farron chuckled.

"Held up!" the stage driver shouted. "Held up by the bishop!"
The bishop dropped his valise over the rail fence between the alders and put his hand on the top rail. Jim Farron almost had to rub his eyes as the bishop's feet touched the ground on the other side.

"You'd have a mighty interested congregation up in Snowball to-night if you was to edify them with that there selection," he remarked.

Much to the driver's regret, a sleepy Swedish miner occupied the seat beside him. The brown valise and the broad, black shoulders of the bishop disappeared inside the coach. The only other passenger in the coach, a young girl, drew a wooden guitar case out of the way to make room for the bishop's valise. He noticed the rough redness of her little unglazed hands.

"You're the bishop," she said, regarding him with her keen blue eyes. "I shook hands with you once at Dead Timber. I'm Maggie Connoran."

The bishop had a good memory, but he searched it in vain for any record of this child, who could not have been more than sixteen years old. She was short and slight and poorly clad, but she gave evidence in every feature of an energy vigorous enough to manage effectively the several small worlds of her existence. The bishop took refuge in generalities.

"I'm glad to see you again, Maggie," he said. "And so you are taking your guitar up to Snowball?"

Maggie laughed. The sharpness dropped away from her face, and the bishop saw the long black lashes over the blue eyes.

"That's no guitar," she said. "I had one once, but it got broken up at the mine one day. That's a cat in there now."

"A cat!" the bishop repeated. "Sure—that is, a kitten." She drew the guitar case across her knees and patted it. "It's close quarters for him, it was the best thing I had to bring him in. I whittled two holes for fresh air down at the side, here. They'll give him air enough, don't you think?"

At one time, before the needs of his church sent the bishop out to do the work of six men on the frontier, he had been president of a humane society in the East. He bent down with much interest to examine the openings and passed the fingers of one hand across them.

"I think so," he answered.

"Ah!"

He drew his hand away suddenly. Maggie looked from his face to the opening, through which a gray paw was retreating. It was no use trying to be solemn. The bishop and his fellow passenger laughed aloud together and thus sealed a bond of perfect sympathy.

From his box seat Jim Farron heard the laughter and yearned to share it. "I reckon Connoran's Maggie will keep the bishop entertained, all right," he said to himself.

They were out of the level country by this time, winding up among the foothills. At their right the snowy crest of Bald Knob rose against the gray sky. Far ahead, appearing and disappearing on the slopes of the range, the road stretched on toward the blue timbered hills where Snowball lay.

The bishop turned up the collar of his overcoat and then, noticing that his companion shivered a little, unstrapped a traveling rug from his valise and wrapped it about her.

The road became more uneven when it crossed the ridges under Bald Knob. As the stage crept along Jensen's Bluff, the bishop gazed into the ravine below and reflected on the damage that a cloudburst or heavy thaw in winter might work. Suddenly, at a curve where the road swept round a shoulder of the bluff, Jim Farron brought his leaders to a sudden halt and gazed ahead in dismay.

"What's up?" the bishop asked, leaning out.

"Landslide, I reckon."

Farron set the brake against the slipping wheels and swung himself to the ground. The red sun had pierced a rift in the clouds and as he walked forward was dropping out of sight behind Bald Knob.

The bishop left the coach and joined him.

"Pretty bad," Farron commented.

For a hundred yards ahead the road was blotted out. A gaping scar on the mountain side and a heap of tumbled earth and boulders marked the place where it had been. Farther on, the brown ribbon of the track began again, clinging against the steep wall that stretched above and below; but as for any hope of reaching it with the stage, it might as well have been a thousand miles away.

"'Twas all right when I came down yesterday!" Farron grumbled. "Any other way around?" the bishop asked.

"Nary a one," Farron answered. "A fellow could get round on horseback, going down by the lower trail. And that's five miles out of the way."

"Let's do it, then," the voice of Maggie Connoran suggested. "That'll be fun. Let me ride the gray, won't you?"

"Well, now, there's this about," Farron said. "The gray ain't broke to the saddle. And there's none of 'em that'll carry double. Now, it's my duty to see that the government mails gets into Snowball to-night, and they'll make a pack plenty big enough for another of 'em. The question is, Which of us four folks has got to be in Snowball to-night?"

"Me?" said the Swede, suddenly vehement; and he added a torrent of broken words to explain the absolute necessity of his presence in the mining camp.

"I can camp here in the coach, if it's necessary," the bishop said as he slapped his hands to warm them.

"Isn't necessary, not a bit of it," Maggie announced as she pulled the bishop's rug about her. "If there's no chance for me to ride, I'll go back here to Thompson's. There's some of them at home; I saw one of the children when we passed. And I guess if the bishop

is going to preach at Snowball to-night you'd better see that he has a horse to ride."

She looked menacingly from Farron to the Swede. The driver laughed, but the other man scowled.

"Maybe they've got some sort of a cayuse at Thompson's," Farron suggested. "Let's go back and see."

They started back toward a group of cabins that they had passed a short time before. The bishop carried the guitar case, and Farron led the horses, with the mail sacks and a part of the express slung in a pack on the back of one.

A towheaded girl opened the door of the cabin at Farron's knock. She shrank back, dazed at sight of four people, and looked round as if in terror. Farron had to repeat his question twice before she could collect herself to answer.

"No, there ain't any horses. There ain't no cayuse. We haven't any stock left. They drove off the cow last week."

"Where's your daddy?" Farron asked.

The child's eyes grew black as their pupils dilated. "He ain't here," she said shortly.

"And your mammy? Is she here?"

"Ma's sick. Been sick for two weeks. She's in there."

A figure huddled under the coverlets of a bed in the corner stirred feebly.

"Isn't there anyone to take care of her?" Maggie demanded. "Haven't you had any doctor?"

The towheaded child looked at Maggie with dull interest. "There ain't anybody but Tilly," she answered. "Tilly's tired."

"And your father's been away all the time?"

"Since Sunday." The curious look of terror came into the child's eyes again. "Ma, she told Tilly what to do. But she don't talk any more now. I guess maybe she's going to die."

"Don't trouble yourself any further, Farron," the bishop said suddenly. "I'm going to stay here. Get a doctor down from Snowball to-night if you can. You can tell Farnsley why I'm not there. I suppose you can take Miss Maggie on one of the horse and see that she arrives safely."

Maggie turned on the bishop in scorn. "I like that!" she declared. "You'll not get me out of this house to-night. Tilly Thompson, get up out of that chair and go and lie down. You're worn out! I guess you remember me, don't you?"

A girl a year or two older than the towheaded one stared up into Maggie's face and burst into tears.

"There, you mind me," Maggie adjured her. "Go and lie down. I want this chair myself, anyhow. Good-by, Mr. Farron. I wish you'd tell Katy Parkins I'll be up in Snowball after a few days."

"You come here a minute, bishop," Farron said.

The bishop joined him outside the door. After a minute he came back, with his bushy gray eyebrows knotted as if in deep thought, and went over to the bedside.

Farron and the Swede mounted and rode off.

There are people living in every scattered hamlet of that mountain state who whisper under their breath what the bishop is when there is trouble or sickness. Maggie heard his voice asking one or two very quiet questions; and then, turning, she saw that the sick woman had opened her eyes, half smiling.

"Yes, tell me," she heard the bishop say.

Maggie turned away again and began an investigation of larder and wood box. Tilly, utterly exhausted, had curled herself up in a heap of blankets in one corner. When the bishop came back to the rusted stove where a little fire burned feebly, Maggie faced him with flashing eyes.

"They haven't had a stick of wood split for two days. They've been burning bits of greasewood brush and cottonwood bark that the girl picked up. Say, bishop, there's a pile of fence rails and an axe out yonder."

"Yes, certainly," the bishop said.

"I will, at once. But, Miss Maggie."

"They've been living on corn pone and condensed milk!" Maggie went on hotly. "There's a box of eggs in the stage the Martins were

sending to Snowball. They'll be frozen if they stay there. You bring them down."

"I will," said the bishop.

"But I want to tell you, my dear, how this family is situated. You ought to know it, if we are to be here. The father is suspected of horse thieving. He is in hiding somewhere—I believe Mrs. Thompson is telling the truth when she says that she does not know where. She believes this place is being watched by men who are ready to lynch him if he comes back."

"I reckon they would," Maggie said coolly. "Do hurry up and get those fence rails?"

The Bishop went out and found the axe. Presently the towheaded girl came staggering in with an armful of dry sticks.

"There's twice as much more split up!" she gasped gleefully. "My, but he's a dandy!"

Maggie looked out of the window and beheld the bishop's erect figure and clerical hat moving up the hill toward the abandoned coach.

When the bishop reappeared, he carried the box of eggs on one arm, and from the other hand dangled something white and furry.

"It's a jack rabbit!" shrieked the towhead in a paroxysm of delight.

Maggie opened the door for him. She had got a gingham apron and tied it over her short, scant skirt. She had also found time to sweep the littered room and bring the kettle to a boil. On one arm she carried something wrapped in a blue shawl.

"Say, you killed the rabbit with a rock, didn't you?" she said. "You must be a good thrower! I reckon these kids will be glad of a bite of meat. And I wish you'd take the baby, here. It woke up, and I had to carry it."

The bishop held out his arms meekly. It had been many a year since his own children had grown up; but most of the babies in the State had been in his arms at one time or another.

The towhead and a pair of three-year-old twins were playing in a corner with the gray kitten, released from Maggie's guitar case. The fire burned more brightly in the growing dusk, and the kettle sang. The warmth and peace of the room affected the bishop with a gentle drowsiness as he sat in the high-backed wooden chair and rocked the baby.

Suddenly his drowsiness was broken. Was it footsteps he had heard? Maggie had noticed nothing. She was pouring water from the kettle into a basin.

The footsteps came again on the drift of snow beneath the window—cautious steps and very slow, pausing after each sound, soft and stealthy but unmistakable.

Rising quietly, the bishop tiptoed over to the bed. He laid down the small bundle in the blue shawl, and then he went to the door.

"Bring me in a bucket of water, won't you?" Maggie suggested. "There is a well out yonder."

The bishop let his fingers close on the handle that she slipped into them. Once outside, with the keen wind ruffling his hair in the dusk, he stood motionless.

A shadowy figure slipped away from the rear of the cabin toward the group of outbuildings at the south. The bishop watched it for an instant, and then he called softly:

"Thompson! O Thompson!"

The man halted. Irresolutely glancing round him with nervous eyes, he came up to the front of the cabin.

"I saw you in there," he stammered. "I saw you when you came. She—she isn't worse?"

"I think she may do very well when the doctor comes down," the bishop answered. "I've sent for one from Snowball. Get inside there. Man, don't you know you're risking your life hanging about here? You'd far better give yourself up to the sheriff and get a fair trial under the protection of the law. The warrant's out for you."

"If it wasn't for her being sick!" the man groaned. "She begged me to get over into Canada, but I can't go clean away and leave her like this!"

"There's only one thing for you to do," the bishop said. His voice was stern, but the clasp of his hand on Thompson's numb fingers never wavered. "I'll see to it that your

wife is cared for. And you'll go with me to Snowball and give yourself up. I think they won't succeed in lynching you if you're with me. Then, if you're innocent, we'll prove your innocence even if it takes all the lawyers in the State. But this is no way for an innocent man to do."

"They're dead against me," Thompson said, gulping. "Dick Becker'd shoot me at sight. I've no show in a court room against rich ranchers! You let me go in and get a bite and tell 'em good-by, and I'll be off. I'll go this time sure, bishop!"

"Well, get in, then," the bishop said. "Perhaps I can make you see reason after a while."

It struck the bishop, when he opened the cabin door again, that Maggie Connoran's face was a shade paler than it had been, but she held her head high.

Thompson collapsed in a chair at the bedside. In the light of the candle that Maggie had placed upon the table his face was ghastly white under its grime, unshaven, with sunken cheeks and blue hollows under the eyes. His head rested against the back of the chair, motionless. Maggie crossed the room to his side with a steaming cup.

"Drink this," she commanded. "You'll feel better after a bit. Betty, you pull down that curtain at the window. If anybody should see in here—"

She did not finish the sentence. The cabin door shook suddenly under the sharp strokes of a whipstock. Betty screamed and shrieked back from the window as the blue steel of a rifle barrel outside flashed in the candlelight.

There was silence for an instant, while Thompson slid to his knees beside the bed, still holding his wife's hand. Then a voice called from without:

"Come on out here, Thompson! We've got you this time!"

The bishop moved toward the door.

"There's no need for you to break the door in," he said, slightly raising his voice. It was a voice that most men in that part of the country knew. "I'm going to open the door in a minute. I want your word first that you won't make a rash. There's a woman here lying at the point of death."

There was murmur of voices outside. Some one protested, with curses. Another laughed. After a minute the answer came.

"All right, bishop. We'll have a sermon before the funeral."

The bishop opened the door. His own bulk filled it fairly as he stood—erect, broad-shouldered, clean-limbed, with the light glinting on his white hair and gold-rimmed glasses. He put his hand up to his chin in the gesture that his Western world remembered so well at countless weddings and christenings.

The men in the front rank winced under the steady, level gaze. Those at the rear moved restlessly. Out on the frozen ground a pony stamped.

"I told you there is a dying woman here," the bishop said. "By God's help, we might save her, if the doctor could come in time. She's been for three days without proper food or nursing."

He dropped back into a conversational tone.

"I was going up to preach at Snowball tonight, you know. Why, there are several of you I thought I'd see there." His glance singled out one man and another. He did not speak their names; but one remembered, uncomfortably, that his little girl had wanted to be confirmed that night; and another man saw as if in a vision the picture of another cabin room where, a year before, the bishop had knelt beside a dying boy.

"Did any of you pass Jim Farron as you came here?" the bishop asked. "He was going for the doctor. He was going to tell the folks up in Snowball why I couldn't be there. It isn't very often I miss an appointment, you know."

"Rode sixty miles with him once myself!" a man muttered to his neighbor. "Last ten of it was through a blizzard, too. He's all right, but he hasn't any business here to-night."

The bishop heard the remark.

His splendid frame seemed to loom taller in the doorway.

"No business here!" he thundered. "What in heaven's name's may business, then! I stayed here because of sickness and the shadow of death. That's all right, you say. But is a servant of God to stand by and let men stain their souls with murder?"

An angry murmur answered him. For a moment it seemed that the dark line would surge forward and sweep him from his place. He stood his ground, unflinching, and presently the men grew quiet:

"I've not asked you to show me your proofs," the bishop went on. "I'm not here as a judge. Thompson is my friend, but I don't know certainly whether he is innocent or guilty. I'm not asking you to let him go. What I do ask of you—for my sake, and God's sake, and your own sake—is to let him stay here with his wife tonight. Put a guard on the house if you like. And then let a committee of you go with me to Snowball tomorrow and put him safe into the hands of the law, to be judged as the evidence shall decide. You are going to remember this night, every man of you, for time and eternity. I shan't plead with you. That's all."

A dead silence fell on the group of men outside the door. The bishop stood watching them. At last a slow voice spoke:

"Say, boys, every one of you that thinks Thompson needs hanging, hold up his hand."

The hands went up unanimously. But the slow, drawing voice had been charged with a power other than murderous suggestion. A grin began to steal from face to face.

"Every one of that's willing to do the bishop a favor this once say aye."

The ayes came thunderously. The speaker turned toward the bishop.

"I reckon the ayes have it. Good God!"

The candle went out as a scream and a shot rang through the cabin. There was a sound of footsteps running from the window; a moment later a horse's hoofs rang out on the culvert of the road, galloping down the hill.

"Stop him!" shouted the leader; his voice no longer drawled. "It's that scoundrel Becker we left at the window! Here, bishop, let me in! Did he hit you? Who's hurt?"

He struck a match. Thompson was still kneeling by the bed. In the centre of the cabin Maggie Connoran, laughing and sobbing and shaking, pressed her apron against her left arm.

"I saw him!" she gasped. "I was watching him, for I didn't like the looks of his face while the bishop was talking. He had his rifle sighted on Thompson all the time, but I saw him steady it extra careful and squint again, and I clapped my hand on the candle and jumped. Yes, it hit me, but that's nothing, glory be!"

The bishop took her in his arms as she staggered against the table. "I'll see Becker swing for this!" the leader of the men growled.

"No, I mean I'll see him in the pen. But he ought to swing! Horse stealing's one thing, and shooting at women's another! Hello, Farron, where'd you drop from?"

The big stage driver pushed into the room, panting. A smaller man carrying a little black case followed him.

"Met up with the doctor on the road," Farron explained. "The U. S. mail's going to be late to-night in Snowball. Now, then,"—he looked from the face of Thompson, still buried in the coverlet, to the bishop and Maggie and the men crowding round the door—"I reckon the rest of us fellers better get out of this, and give the doctor a show."

He pushed them gently from the room and shut the door. From time to time, as the bishop and the doctor worked together, they heard grunts of approval, indignant words and bursts of laughter from the winter darkness outside.

"It'll be a fight for the woman's life, but I think we'll make it," the doctor said. "And as for you, Miss Maggie, the ball only grazed your arm. You'd better go over there and lie down on the blankets with Tilly—and get some of these other children and kittens and things put to bed and out from underfoot."

But Maggie refused to go on the invalid list. "They've had no

supper," she said. "You see, I was interrupted. And, oh! My kettles' boiled most dry, and the eggs are spoilt entirely!"

At eight o'clock she went out with fresh coffee to the men who remained to guard the cabin.

It was a fight for Mrs. Thompson's life, as the doctor had predicted. But in the gray light of dawn the bishop bowed his head in thanks-giving at the answer to his question.

"Fairly safe now. You and I didn't do it all. This black-haired minx you picked up in the stagecoach has been worth a regular staff of nurses. And do you know what else she's done? Gone over Thompson's defense with him, inch by inch, and cleared it out and set it straight better than the best lawyer in Snowball could do. He'll have no trouble in court if he retains Maggie Connoran for counsel!"

"H'm-m-m!" said the bishop, with his hand on the back of the rocking-chair in which Maggie has dropped down, exhausted but radiant, holding the kitten on her lap. "They are not in the habit of giving us missionary bishop's assistants, you know. But," he added with a smile, "I'm thinking after this I shall have to call Miss Maggie my coadjutor."

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NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1921.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and E. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-benumbing sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, now in its thirty-second year, and through all those years very ably conducted by Mr. Henri Gaillard, has been enlarged, and is now a "blanket sheet" the size of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

This French paper is filled with interesting news about the deaf of France and of other European countries, and also publishes many items of importance about the doings of the deaf of the United States. For example, a recent issue contained a brief summary of the deliberations of the National Association in Detroit last Summer. Mr. Gaillard is critical observer of men and things, and his impressions are quite readable and interesting. He understands the English language, and in his native tongue he is a clear, forceful, poetic writer.

The *Gazette des Sourds-Muets* is issued the first Sunday of each month, and is sent to foreign countries for six francs a year (about \$1.20)—differing, of course, with the exchange value of the franc. To any of our readers who have more or less knowledge of the French language, it will pay to get the paper, if only to get practice in French. Address of the office of publication is 94 Rue de la Mare, Paris, France.

We take this opportunity of extending felicitations to Mr. Gaillard upon his marriage, on Saturday, February 5th, and hope that happiness will be their portion and that they may have long life and hosts of friends.

A SURVEY of the educational field in the several States of the Union, shows that insufficient appropriations are hindering the education of the deaf.

Deficiency appropriations are being asked for, and in most of the States have been allowed—at least, in part.

The high cost of everything has entailed great hardships on schools specially devoted to the education and training of deaf children. The policy of retrenchment in educational work is entirely wrong. Its trend is to saddle the community with incompetency. Nothing is more disastrous to community interests and public welfare than ignorance, and when to ignorance the additional handicap of deafness is added, the result is very much more deplorable, and the eventual cost to the State is many times greater than the appropriation that would have prevented it.

Deaf Institution Barn Burns

Fire of unknown origin nearly destroyed a two-and-a-half-story barn on the property of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy late yesterday afternoon. Two horses were led to safety and several wagons saved, but the flames burned out most of the inside of the structure. The damage is estimated at \$4000.—*Phila. Public Ledger*, Mar. 11th.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Eleventh Annual Supper to the Athletic Association was given in the young men's refectory on Saturday evening, March 19th. The menu was as follows:

Mock Bisque	Crisp Crackers
Celery	
Sweet Pickles	Dinner Rolls
Chicken a La Maryland	
Potato Fluff	Gravy
Creamed Peas	
Fruit Salad	Salted Peanuts
Vanilla Ice Cream	
Nabisco Wafers	Mints
Coffee	

When the courses had been disposed of, the speech making began. President Guire, '21, acting as toastmaster, gave a review of the work the Association had been doing since the time of the last supper. Most of his talk was upon the finances of the Association, which are not in the best of shape. He asked the members to be as generous with their purse as they were with their time and labors. Prof. Day then spoke upon "Beginnings." Mr. May, '21, who has for the last three years been reporting the Athletic Activities of Gallaudet's teams for the city papers, spoke upon "The Press." In his talk, he showed both the pleasant and unpleasant sides of the work. He explained why it should be an inducement to an ambitious undergraduate who was interested in newspaper work and understood the technicalities of the game fairly well. Graduate Manager of Athletics, Roy J. Stewart, '99, spoke on "Schedules." He told of the prospects for next year's events. One of the facts he brought to light was that not a single home game had been booked for the football team for next season. This, however, as he characterized it later, while not good for the eye is good for the pocket. Mr. Rosen, '21, followed up with "First Impressions" of American sports. President Hall was also invited to speak. Dr. Ely announced that the Howard Trophy, named after the donor, Jay Cooke Howard, to the person who had shown the best spirit in his activities on behalf of the Association, would not be given. Mr. Howard was unable to secure any more, on account of the dye which could not be secured by the manufacturers. On behalf of Mr. Howard, Dr. Ely announced that the members were welcome to make a design for a new medal. The best one would be used. Although the supper was given just after a defeat at the hands of Catholic University in Gallaudet's first baseball game of the season, a cheerful spirit and optimistic attitude prevailed.

The Y. W. C. A. held a Vesper Service in Chapel Hall at seven o'clock on the evening of March 27th. The following program was given:—
Opening Prayer Miss Kilcoyne
"The Chalice and the Cup."
(A Vesper Service for the Easter Season, written for the Bureau of Pageantry and the Drama of the Young Women's Christian Association.)
The Church Miss Jensen
The Association Spirit Miss Sandberg
Chorus.
"The Church's One Foundation."
"There is a Green Hill Far away."
"Christ The Lord Is Risen To-day."
GIRLS.
Misses Barsley, Wilson, Hassett, Dobson, Halverson.

The service took the place of the regular Sunday afternoon chapel service. It was an interpretation of the spirit of the church and Young Women's Christian Association.
On Monday afternoon, March 21st, the student body congregated in chapel hall to be given an intelligence test. The test was one intended to give a clue to the student's facility in the use of English, his general information, and knowledge of simple arithmetic.
A. L. Roberts, '04, Principal of the Kendall School, was recently appointed coach of the Track team. Mr. Roberts lost no time in putting his team under regulations and subjecting it to a thorough training. Mr. Roberts is known for getting results, so we will expect then at the next meet.

The camping expedition, which in the past was held during the Easter week, will not come off until April 14th. The inclement weather during the last few years was responsible for the change. The ideal weather during this Easter week, however, leaves some of the enthusiasts doubtful whether the change was a fortunate one.
Among the latest departures from the college were those of Miss Clarkson, '23. She left suddenly on Thursday, March 24th. She did not give the reason for her departure, but nevertheless left with good wishes from her classmates. Miss Durand, '24, on account of ill health, also decided to retire from the Green. On Friday evening, March 25th, her classmates held a farewell party in the Fowler Hall gymnasium in her honor. She left the next afternoon for her home in Ohio.

The call of the open was too strong for Robert Kannappell, '23, and John Boatwright, '24, so on Saturday, March 25th, they got out their fishing rods, unearched a few worms and sallied forth to Fletcher's Landing on the Potomac, with glowing visions of a whole string of perch and bass. The disciples of Izaak Walton returned late that day, not at all chagrined over the fact that they didn't have any luck at all.
Gordon Kannappell, '21, returned from the Sibley Hospital after undergoing a successful operation for Appendicitis. He does not look much the worse for having been under the knife.
An extra garage is soon to stand a little north of the greenhouses. The foundation is already being laid under the supervision of Prof. Allison.

The presentation of basket ball honors took place in Chapel Hall on March 21st, in the evening, before the study. Roy J. Stewart, '99, presented the Varsity "G" to Captain Bouchard, '21, LaFontaine, '23, Boatwright, '24, Honorary "G", to Manager May, '21, and Coach Cooper, '08; Honorable Mention Danofsky, P. C.

CHICAGO.

"The best laid plans of men and mice"
Of turn to dismal drive!
This year Chicago holds no nice
And frat-like "Fraternal."

There is sobbing and sorrow, wrath and woe in the bosoms of hundreds of young silents, residing within a few hundred miles of Chicago, who have been saving up their dollars to attend Chicago's second annual "Fraternal" (or frat-carnival).

For Chicago Division No. 1, N. F. S. D., in its omnipotent wisdom, has voted to dispense with the 1921 Fraternal.

Reasons: Times are hard; many deaf can not afford to attend both the Chicago Fraternal and the Atlanta Grand Convention next July; to hold the local Fraternal would detract from the attendance at Atlanta.

So go to Atlanta; or stay at home. Chicago passes.

While there is apparent sound logic in the decision not to interfere with Atlanta's attendance, it strikes an impartial observer as rather far-fetched. The Atlanta trip will cost Illinoisians fully \$150, all told, if taken rightly. The Fraternal would cost about \$30, for those living within a hundred mile radius of Chicago. Further, N. F. S. D. conventions are NOT pleasure-journeys; they are the hardest of hard work for delegates, and (judging from Philadelphia, at least) there is not much merriment for the non-delegates in attendance, since all the "big bugs" are on the grind from morn to night. Fraternals are designed to give a "good time" from first to last; allowing young people to become acquainted and see the world's finest deaf clubhouse at its best.

Chicago started a good thing that promised to grow bigger and better with passing years. Deep regret will be felt if Chicago allows her chance to attain annual preeminence to pass up.

Arthur Classen ("Silent" Howard), who defeated "Dummy" Jordan on points in a thrilling ten-round wind-up at the last Fraternal smoker, has just signed up with a new manager—Miss Letha Steiner, of Washington State. Both are Gallaudet products. It was hoped to match Classen with "Silent" Martin, of New York, had Chicago held a Fraternal this year, but being on his honeymoon would probably have caused Classen to decline the match.

Herald and Examiner, March 23:—

"This story did not come from a press agent. 'Make their eyes pop out' is a hackneyed phrase, but the face of Lonnie Baird, 22, a one-eyed deaf-mute, was so convulsed with mirth and amazement while watching Thurston, the magician, now at the Olympic Theatre, that his glass eye rolled out and broke on the floor."

"Chicago is the best place in the country for a deaf man to get work," said Charles Minot, "but not now." He was laid off at his trade of commercial photographer, and on canvassing all the shops in the city found the owners of unanimous opinion that conditions were not due for a pick-up until fall at the earliest. Minot therefore has packed and departed to spend the interim until late fall on a ranch in Lacombe, Alberta (that's somewhere in Canada, where the musical coyote lulls the tired field-hand to sleep and the blistering summer sun boils potatoes on the lorn prairie.) His bride, nee Fossan, will keep camp for himself and Alex Swanson, Gallaudet, '01, who has been batching for seventeen lonely years. All three hardy pioneers are ex-Gallaudetians, for that matter.

Chicago has turned down a proposition to bid for the 1923 N. A. D. convention, and will probably support Portland, Oregon, for a convention city in 1925—the year of the World's Exposition there. Even without the expo, Portland would be well worth visiting, as those in the Howard party returning from the San Francisco 1915 convention will testify.

Charlie Kemp is sore as a boil. Sorer. Some blue-nosed, leather-necked, knock-kneed son of a sea cook had the callous, crass, colossal conceit to peddle court-plaster to his landlady—three blocks from S. A. C. "I am a deaf-mute, selling court-plaster to establish a bootblack stand, please buy, 10 cents," it read.

The papers had a write-up of Johnnie Sullivan's dad, over thirty years a policeman, who has just left the force "poorer than when he joined it." The resemblance between the old copper and his handsome son, president of the Silent A. C., is striking.
The annual banquet of the Chicago chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association is set for seven o'clock, Tuesday night, April 12th. President, Mrs. Meagher, rules that only those who actually entered Gallaudet as students, and their families, are permitted to buy plates at the affair.

The ladies of all All Angels', and Edward Kingon will take special pains to make the menu particularly appetizing. The previous college banquets, held in his parish house at 6122 Indiana Avenue, were all highly spoken of.

Miss Edna Twiehaus and Mrs. Edwin Hazel engineered a big surprise shower at All Angels' March 19th, in honor of Miss Mary Lutz and Lester Hagemeyer, who are to be married shortly. Gifts were profuse and expensive. The games also were quite in keeping with the size of Chicago, instead of the tank town kid-pastimes often featuring our gatherings.

"Naddie" Meagher's birthday falling on that date, he held a party within a party, serving his birthday cake to the rest of the little ones there.

Mrs. Matthew Schuetzler and two boys are back after seven weeks in North Carolina, where she eased the last hours of her mother. She brought her sister, Miss Alma Mebane, up to spend a short time in Chicago.

Mrs. Ward Small served as matron of honor at a wedding in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Flora Herzberg, sister of "Dummy" Jordan, the pugilist, has left the Jacksonville school and is living with her mother here.

Charles D. Russell, who with Horace Buell defeated John D. Rockefeller at golf during the 1913 N. A. D. convention in Cleveland, has another little one. William Cullen Russell was born on the Russell estate in LaSalle, March 14th.

Halvor Troiel, who came from Norway a few years ago, married Miss Ethel Brenlon, March 19th.

The Meaghers are back from a visit in Cincinnati and Kentucky, where they took in frat affairs, and were entertained by the O'Brien and Blachschlagers.

Rev. Flick and Dr. Dougherty were the only deaf persons at the funeral of old Cornwall; not a single representative of the hard-of-hearing circles being apparent. The undertaker's chapel was well filled with friends of the old boy—for years an office man with the U. S. Steel corporation.

Helen Keller is in Vandeville at the Majestic.

Mrs. Frank Friday is visiting her three sons residing in Royal Oak, Mich.

Mrs. Rosa Lunning (nee Hahn of Cincinnati) is ill at the home of her son.

Mrs. E. S. Grant, St. Louis, is visiting here.

April first marks the end of one year's satisfactory service as janitor for the Silent A. C., by Harry Belling. In the year preceding the club had tried three different janitors, the work proving too hard for all of them in succession.

Harry's job is safe for as long as he is willing to slave from morning to night as at present, and it's a big job, as anyone who has inspected the clubhouse will admit.

The Pas-a-Pas St. Patrick party took the form of a box social, March 19th. Mrs. Hanna and old Grandmaw Brasher won first and second prizes for the best boxes. Barney was high bidder. Grandmaw Lucas bid in a fine looking box for \$2.25, and was mortified on opening it to find only a single Irish potato; but after a little time to let joke the sink in, the real lunch that joke-box was twin for appeared, and proved most satisfying.

That April 16 date of the "Pas" appears to be worth the money after all. See ad. on fourth page of this paper.

The one dollar pays for a free feed, seven acts of magic by hearing experts, and several pantomimes by the deaf—all followed by the removal of chairs and dancing until one o'clock. The following sub-chairmen are heading committees working in conjunction with the Society of American Magicians: Reception, E. W. Craig; Floor, Dr. Dougherty; Refreshment, R. Rountree; Finance, B. F. Frank; Stage, C. J. Russell; General, John E. Purdum.

The Silent A. C. gives a bunco party April 2d. Although there are nine Saturdays in the combined months of March and April, this is the only Saturday having something definite for the deaf carded at the world's finest clubhouse for the silent.

THE MEAGHERS.

Faces Charge of Slaying a Deaf-Mute

Benny Maffeo formerly of Revere, was arrested in the Old South Building by Chief Dyer and Patrolman Sweeney of the Revere police, on an indictment warrant charging him with the murder of Vincent Giordano, age thirty-one, formerly of 725 Broadway, Revere. The murder was committed on July 20, 1919, on Floyd street, as the result of a crap game at the home of Maffeo.

Giordano, who was deaf and dumb, was standing on the corner of Floyd street. Maffeo came along and after an argument stabbed Giordano four times in the abdomen. The victim was rushed to the First Hospital where he died four days later.—*Boston American*, Mar. 22.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

Religious services held Friday evenings, 8:30 o'clock, at the Communal Center, 40-44 West 115th Street, New York City.

MAX M. LUBIN, Leader.

OREGON.

The Convention Fund Club, the Women's organization for raising funds to entertain the conventions of National and State Associations of the Deaf that will meet in or near Portland in the next few years, met with Mrs. S. W. Hunter, at her home in Vancouver, March 9th.

The C. F. C. had a successful money raising social at the United Presbyterian Church of the Strangers Saturday evening. Mrs. Mina M. Reichle was chairman, Mrs. H. P. Wilson gave a history of the club. The men need not hope to get any of the money for their stag club. It is to be used for entertainment of guests from the outside or for their sweet selves. The 1925 World's Fair at Portland will bring many conventions, including those of the National and State associations of the Deaf.

The ladies hope to set a good example of persistency and industry to the slow-going, halting, lazy men, and will keep up the work into 1925.

Mrs. Dora Campbell Craven rendered "Comin' Thro' The Rye" in her inimitable style. Mrs. Bennick gave a humorous recital. J. O. Reichle talked of the plans for getting the conventions to meet in Portland in 1925.

Mrs. Reichle gave birthday horoscopes by months, and called on the stage those born in each particular month. Some of the revelations from the past, in the present, and for the future, were startling, apt, insinuating, complimentary, or hitting in the right place, but were relished by all. The reporter thinks it was personal in his case. Games were indulged in, and refreshments ended an enjoyable evening. Here's success to the women, for their are engaged in a most commendable cause.

Arthur B. Classen and Letha Steuermagel were married February 10th.

We want doctors to report all cases of deafness, but statistics show deafness to come mostly in the latter stages of recovery from certain diseases when precaution is relaxed.

The greatest danger to hearing is in the later stages of sickness in certain cases, when the vitality is impaired, but the patient is on the road to recovery, and nurse, doctor or parent, becomes careless.

The best preventive of deafness, which comes most between five and eleven years of age, is careful observation of the changes and strict attention to sanitary and preventive measures in the recovery from sickness. Relaxation of vigilance usually results in liability to impairment and loss of hearing, and in case deafness sets in, tissue changes prevent recovery of hearing.

David Graham White, in the Nebraska School under Mr. Gillespie, and in the Iowa School under Mr. Rothert, had a most unfortunate life. Some years ago he slipped and fell in a sawmill. The fall doubled him up, broke his back, displaced his internal organs, and it was years before he could walk. The State paid him monthly from its compensation fund. But neighbors observed him working several times in his garden and reported, and he has never been able to do more than an hour or two of work, without having to stop and lie down on account of the pain. The Frats have helped him monthly.

Mrs. Martha Kruse White was born in East Prussia and came to America at an early age. She was 8 years at Fanwood and can remember Dr. Fox, with whom she used to play. She spent one year at the Nebraska School. She is a good manager.

They will move on a ranch of 37½ acres next fall, in Southern Oregon. The water power in the stream on the place will generate enough electricity for light, heat and power, to the entire place.

Messrs. Craven, brother of Bud L., and Harris from Tillamook, spent the week end in Portland.

Mrs. Willie Spieler has left for her parents' home in Harrisburg, and Willie may follow later, to farm for good.

Chas. W. Brazelton and wife (nee Ploughman), are living on their farm east of Arlington, Washington. Charles has lived close to nature for over thirty years, and the lore he gathered is as fascinating as any you ever read in print.

Rudy Spieler has been improving his home place, and in the future it may be hidden under all manner of roses of delightful smell, alluring color, immense size.

Mrs. Pearl Orwig Toll, from near Astoria, visited the Kanitzs over the week end, on her way to visit Miss Elva Snyder, of Pendleton.

Willie Seaman is an expert at imitation hula-hula dance. No cabaret dancer ever could to it in his style. One mute said it was a hallelujah dance—well, why not? Rufus Edwards (remember the Edwards, the tourist printer, the most expert panhandler in the country?), the stonecutter, has left town. He had a session with the secretary of the union and told the mutes he had a telegram from his wife, to explain his disappearance later.

Luther Hart and Edith Patterson Hart have moved to their four-acre poultry ranch near Sherwood. THEO. C. MUELLER.

FANWOOD.

Lexington A. A. (26)

Fanwood (22)

On Saturday evening, March 26th, in the Young Men's Hebrew Association court, at New Rochelle, the Lexingtons won the basketball game with the quint of Fanwood School.

The great battle commenced by the tossing of the ball by a referee. A few seconds later, Emil Mulfeldt caged a foul for the initial score. The Lexington Five made a grand fight and played skillfully, and won the first half, 18 to 9.

The second half opened with a terrific battle. It bristled with snap and dash.

The Lexington Five played with their well-known aggressiveness, and they fought a great game from start to finish.

Grossinger, the miracle player of the opposing five, led his loyal players in attack.

The Fanwood team did their utmost to win the game, but in vain.

The last few minutes of the game were full of great excitement.

Finally the whistle ended the game, and the second half ended, 13 to 8, in the favor of Fanwood; but the Lexingtons won the game by the whole score.

The count and line up.

Lexington (26)	Fanwood (22)
Grossinger	L. F.
Resnikoff	R. F.
Amelwhite	C.
Lieber	L. G.
Mankoff	R. G.

Field goals. Lexington—Grossinger 3, Resnikoff 1, Lieber 2, Mankoff 1. Fanwood—Whalen 3, Mulfeldt 2.

Foul goals. Lexington—Lieber 8. Fanwood—Mulfeldt 6.

Substitution: Fanwood—Jensen for Donnelly, Donnelly for Malloy.

Referee, Mr. Kaufman; timekeepers, Mr. Worzel, Manager of Lexington, and Mr. Lux, Manager of Fanwood; scorer, Ed Rheimer.

The school's basketball tournaments closed last week.

The medal winners will be announced later.

The first place of the Junior tournament (F. A. A.) went to the Conlon Five, under the captaincy of Cadet H. Conlon. The second place was won by the Conklin Five, captained by Cadet C. Conklin.

The first place of Midget tournament was captured by the Giants Five, and the Cleveland Five secured the second place.

In the Girls' tournament, the Smith Sextet won first place, and the Bryn Mawr Sextet won second place.

Last Wednesday, the Fanwoods trounced the strong Commercial team, 28 to 12, at the opponent's court.

The Silent Honston team was easily beaten by the Lexington A. A. Five, in an exhibition game last Monday.

Two games were cancelled at the request of the opponents, during the recess. One was Co. B, of the 22d Regiment Armory. The match between the Willets team and Margraf A. A. was postponed to this coming Saturday.

On Saturday, March 19th, Miss Pearl White, the foremost film actress, invited some cadets to see some shows at the Audubon Theatre. After the show, she presented each of the boys with souvenirs.

The pupils returned to this school from the Easter recess on Monday, March 28th. Everyone had a pleasant time.

C. M.

Deaf-Mute Riot Draws Big Crowd to Post Office

New York, March 8.—Diners in Park Row restaurants, patrolmen from the Brooklyn Bridge and other precincts and Department of Justice agents, with a crowd numbering more than 1,000, ran in the direction of the blasts of police whistles last night coming from the Post Office Building. Inside on the Park Row side were three men and a woman beating a man.

When the patrolmen arrived all five ran out the south entrance, bowling over several persons. These took up the chase with the others, until the fugitives disappeared in City Hall Park.

After the excitement had subsided, it was learned the man assaulted is a clerk in the Post Office. He was leaving the building for supper when he was attacked.

According to Patrolman Thomas Fitzpatrick, of the Oak Street station, all five participants are deaf-mutes. The clerk is alleged to have insulted the woman, who told her husband, with the result that they and the two others waited for the clerk and attacked him.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader, Mrs. Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

Spain has fewer daily newspapers than any other country of Europe.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

N. A. D. BRANCH

There are ten clubs in Greater New York who are aiding in the sale of tickets for the ball on April 30th. They are:—

N. F. S. D. Greater New Branch, No. 25.
Deaf-Mutes' Union League.
Hebrew Ass'n of the Deaf.
Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's.
Men's Club of St. Ann's.
Xavier Allied Society.
Alphabet Athletic Club.
Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.
V. B. G. A. A.
Brooklyn Guild.

There are four committees in this branch of the N. A. D., Membership, Publicity, Employment and Social.

The Membership committee needs funds with which to boom the membership rate in New York.

But the treasury of Greater New York Branch is empty.

The Publicity committee requires funds to carry out its duties to the full. Among many other things, it has to combat any tendencies for the ultra oral system of education, and to keep an eye on legislation detrimental to the interests of the deaf.

But the treasury of the New York Branch is empty.

The Employment committee will have to have funds to aid in the collection of data necessary for the obtaining of "jobs" for the deaf and to cover the cost of advertisements, notices, etc.

And the treasury is empty!

The Social committee has to have funds with which to rent halls when necessary, pay for advertisements, entertainments, and promote social intercourse generally.

But there is no money in the treasury!

The ball for Saturday evening, April 30th (Yorkville Casino, 210 East 86th St., New York, near Third Avenue), is being given with the special purpose of filling the empty treasury.

The tickets are one dollar each. Buy your ticket and make others do the same. Help your club to sell its full quota.

Remember the profits of the ball go back to you through the work of the several committees.

An empty treasury can only mean empty results. Help!

H. A. D. NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Amatean was the speaker at our Services last Friday evening, the 25th, his subject being the "Festival of Parim."

This Friday evening, April 1st, Dr. Thomas F. Fox will discourse on "Destiny." All welcome.

One of the most entertaining social affairs held in a long time was the "Electric-light Picnic," given Saturday evening, March 26th. The gym underwent a marvelous transformation in lighting effect, which seemed to please all.

Several novel games were held and prizes awarded to the following: Sewing contest—Lena Stoloff, Thomas Goretick. Dumb bell Race—Lena Stoloff, M. Haberman.

Mrs. Anna Sweed, Mrs. A. A. Cohen, Mrs. Bertha Schultz, Lester Hyams, Joe Halpert, W. Polinsky and Harry Goldberg, aided greatly in arranging the various details.

The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a bronze tablet in memory of the late George Rosenfeld.

Our bi-monthly Motion Picture Show was held last Sunday with the usual attendance.

A spirited auction sale was held under auspices of Messrs. Harry Goldberg, Jack Seltzer and A. Gold fogle, and a tidy sum was realized from the disposal of the lunch packages, which many of the ladies generously donated. Coffee and cake was served free to all.

A farcical dialogue between Julius Farliser and Jack Seltzer elicited great amusement, and kept the audience in rollicking laughter.

Please note that Professor William G. Jones will give a Dramatic Reading on "Esmeralda," founded on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," on Sunday evening, April 3d. Admission will be only fifteen cents.

On last Saturday, the 26th, the latest surprise party, called "House Warming," was sprung on Mrs. M. Levy at her new home in Arlington by her old friend, Mrs. A. C. Bachrach, with the help of other friends. The trip to Arlington was by trolley. Mr. Bachrach and Mrs. Bramson left them at the corner about two blocks from the house, as Mrs. Levy was expecting them in a few minutes, the crowd broke in like a mob, found Mrs. Levy in a bungalow dress cleaning, who was so surprised that she sat down and didn't know what to say.

Mr. Levy was busy fixing the lawn, in old clothes, unshaved, and had a regular cigar in his mouth.

Mrs. Bachrach deserved the credit for the surprise and supper, the

table looked like a display, and was full of good things to eat. The supper was delicious.

Mrs. Bachrach spoke a few words, presenting Mrs. Levy kitchen ware and glass tumblers, and Mrs. Levy was more surprised than ever. Four who contributed to the present but not able to come, were Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Left, Mrs. Simonson and Miss Mamie Hayward.

The house is handsome, was finished two months ago, rooms very comfortable, airy, well lighted and splendidly built, and Mr. and Mrs. Levy intend to live there always. It was 10:30 P.M. when they journeyed back to New York. Those who were present were Mrs. A. C. Bachrach, Mrs. S. Bramson, Mrs. S. Kohn, Mrs. S. Goldberg, Mrs. A. Meisel, Mrs. S. Hirsch, Mrs. Moses, Mrs. M. Loew, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. J. Ward, Mrs. Coe, Miss Jacobs, Mrs. Lowenherz, Miss E. H. Spanton, Mr. A. C. Bachrach.

Morris Marks, of Hartford, Ct., has been visiting his niece, Mrs. Peter Mitchell, for two weeks. He also visited relatives living in New York. He was overjoyed to meet and talk with his old-time friend, Miss Katie Ehrlich. As Mr. Marks lives on a farm, Miss Ehrlich is hoping he will invite her to visit, as she dearly loves the country.

Mrs. Dewitt Himrod, of Erie, Pa., is visiting her oldest daughter, Mrs. Joseph J. Skinner, at 68 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose husband is Senior Cost Accountant of Sperry Gyroscope Company, and is working for the Navy at that plant.

DETROIT.

Charles Huegel gave a Social for the benefit of the Detroit Division, No. 2, N. F. S. D., which was held at the D. A. D., on Saturday night, March 19th. About one hundred turned out and had their pictures taken a la silhouette. A mysterious box had the people guessing its contents, which later turned out to be an electric heater. Three guessed correctly, but by drawing cuts, Mrs. Alex Lobsinger was the lucky winner.

Another wedding of interest is that of Mrs. Pearl Tenney and Mr. Isham Gatton, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who were married March 17th, in this city, where they expect to live. The bride was given a linen shower the week previous.

Miss Leila Bailey has secured a new and pleasant position with the Slocum Fire Insurance Co.

Mrs. George La Tondress has been on the sick list, but is well again.

Miss Florence Miller, of Illinois, and Miss Mary Pastr, of Iron Mountain, are among those leaving Detroit on account of industrial conditions. The Burroughs Adding Machine Co., which held out the longe-t, is practically closed, while Dodge Brothers are just starting up and the Fords have been operating with reduced force for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. McMullen are back to cheer the Detroiters with their smiles that won't come off. Anybody wanting to know how to be happy though—will, yes, married; but we intended to say unemployed. Ask Ed.

A Pedro Social will be held at the D. A. D., April 9th, for the benefit of the N. F. S. D. It seems that our new president, Mr. Behrendt, is a live wire and does not propose to let a Saturday pass without something doing. Three cheers for Mr. Behrendt.

Don't forget to attend the Masquerade, April 16th. Good prizes are promised, and it is hoped that more than the usual number will mask. Ben Beaver is chairman. Nuff sed.

Mr. Thos Kenney has been elected Chairman of the Literary Circle Society, Miss Etta May Evans, Secretary, Mr. Ivor Heymansson, Treasurer. It is not expected that we shall accomplish much in the remaining two months of the season, but next meeting will be April 2d. It is requested that all interested in the Society attend. The committee hopes to have a mock trial on April 30th, which will be the last meeting of the season.

A surprise birthday party was held at the home of Mr. Fred Ryan, in honor of his birthday, on Saturday night, March 19th, by his friends. He received many useful gifts, and thanked them all. All kinds of games were played, and everybody enjoyed them. Tooth-pick race was won by W. Carl and Miss Scarborough, who were awarded prizes, a nice handkerchief each. After the games, ice cream and cakes were served, and the friends went home happy, after having a nice time with Fred Ryan and his wife.

Good entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild and Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf at St. John's Parish house, on Friday evening, April 8th, at 8 P.M. Admission will be fifty cents a person, including refreshments. Come all of you, and enjoy a good show.

WALTER F. CARL.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

March 26, 1921.—The last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was held March 17th, in Trinity Parish House, with an attendance of seventeen members.

The treasurer's reported for the month: receipts \$23.40 and expenditures \$17.64. Mesdames Hardberger, Cook and Godman were accepted as active members, while Misses Hedrick, Hoeffler and Gillespie came in as associate members.

Mrs. Elsey and Miss Katherine Toskey, who had previously visited the Home to ascertain what was needed for the rooms taken care of by the Society, reported a number of needs. The list was quite long, but all the articles were ordered purchased.

Members of the Society will lend a helping hand to the S. S. C. Girls' Easter Sale, which takes place this afternoon and evening, because of their frequent assistance at entertainments in the past, given by the Ladies' Aid Society.

The Columbus N. A. D. Branch met Thursday evening in the Library of the School, with an attendance of fourteen members. Either the weather, which was rainy that evening, or want of sufficient notice, kept quite a number away. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the treasurer reported that there was a balance of \$119.55 to the branch's credit, with no bills to meet. Miss Lamson stated that the Executive Committee desired to know the preference of members for the next National meeting place of the Association. Atlanta, Ga., or Duluth, Minn., were both holding invitations to the Committee, each boosting their respective locality and offering to do certain things.

After a discussion of the matter, the secretary of the Branch was requested to notify the Chairman of Executive Committee that it was the sense of the Columbus Branch that no choice for next meeting place of the Convention should be decided upon until after the next meeting of the N. F. S. D. To secure better attendance, the secretary was requested to notify members outside of the school by postal card of the date of meeting.

Mr. August Becker and Mrs. Zorn were appointed a committee to prepare a varied program for meetings, and thus make them more interesting as well as secure larger attendance.

Mr. George Clum was elected to the Branch. The president was authorized to appoint a general committee for the Labor Day picnic.

The next meeting will be held in the Library of the School, on the evening of June 10th.

That was a very enjoyable affair, the third annual banquet of the McGuffey Society given in the pupils' dining room on Tuesday evening last. The menu was excellent, the serving by the young ladies of the Domestic Science class and a few hearing ones was fine; and the speaking which followed was very interesting, as Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, one of the first professors when the Ohio State University was opened, was the principal speaker and gave a history of the "Mary's Little Lamb," as found in McGuffey's Reader. The lamb was one of twins. The story is one of fact.

Following Prof. Mendenhall's address, visions of the giant debaters of the U. S. Senate of 1850-51 came in view when the Webster-Hayne debate was given by two gentlemen. Toasts were given by other gentlemen.

As soon as the guests had finished the dinner, the Boy Scouts cleared the room of tables. Then was followed the Dance of Nations, given before the Governor and members of the Legislature several weeks ago. The little dancers acquitted themselves to perfection, and each number, twelve in all, received most hearty applause.

The whole affair ended with singing of Auld Lang Syne, by the assemblage.

There were nearly three hundred who partook of the feast and from it. After expenses are deducted the Home will realize over \$100.

The menu card face was a beauty. It represented a basket filled with flowers of various colors. It was the work of the Art Class under the direction of Mr. Zell.

A visit to the late home of the McGregors yesterday, shows but too plainly what the late fire did to it recently. Only that small part which was "Mack's den" is left of what was once a fine and comfortable cottage. Workmen have been busy the past week downing the chimneys which had withstood the flames, and clearing away the debris.

The adjuster of the insurance company was over last week and made a survey of the place, and the amount for which the building and its contents were insured, were allowed. Mr. McGregor proposes to rebuild on the foundation, though on a smaller scale, as soon as it is possible to do so. Meanwhile he

and Miss Bessie will board elsewhere. They have sold all of their poultry, realizing \$151 at country rate prices.

John Dellinger, the florist's assistant, who is quite strong, is something of a wrestler also. Some years ago, before his eyesight became dim, he frequently had bouts with wrestling artists. Last Friday evening, in the Chamber of Commerce building, Jack Chadoff gave an exhibition and offered \$10 to any man who would stay on the mat with him ten minutes. Dellinger took the offer, and what is more, took Chadoff's \$10 also.

The school again was invited to a moving show last Saturday. The Fashion Store proprietor being the host to some 1500 children of the city, who witnessed "The Heritage," and Up in Mary's Alley, at the Grand Theatre.

Mrs. William D. Ellis and daughter, of Kenton, Ohio, are guests of Mrs. Joseph Leib, on Ohio Avenue, for a few days. Since losing his job in Akron, Mr. Ellis is back at his old trade, printer, in one of the newspaper offices of Kenton.

A B. G.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHESTER, Pa., March 16—Paul J. Stone, 1801 Arch Street, was arrested Monday night for begging upon city highways, where he passed as a mute. He nodded a dignified reproof when Turnkey Hamilton offered to lodge him. He lost his poise when Hamilton asked him: "How about a little drink of red-eye before you go to sleep?" Stone blurted forth, "Betcherlife," and yesterday he was given thirty days in the Media jail.

February 27th, the day on which Bishop Conductor Garland visited All Souls' Church for the Deaf for annual Confirmation, was so rainy and disagreeable that only two candidates presented themselves, and the Bishop remarked at the beginning of his sermon that he knew the weather presented the usual good attendance at the service.

Subsequently the Bishop made arrangements with Rev. Mr. Dantzer to visit the Church again on Saturday, April 2d, to confirm those who had failed to turn up on the previous date. This service was held at 3 P. M. last Thursday (17th). The confirmands were Mrs. Emma Christiana Cox, Miss Florence Weid, and Warren Milton Smaltz. Miss Weid was baptized in the Church shortly before the Confirmation service. Her accession may be regarded as the first fruit of Mr. Smaltz's missionary zeal. He expects to enter the Philadelphia Divinity School in the Fall of this year. He will be the seventh candidate for the ministry that All Souls' Church will have obtained then. The other six are Reverends J. M. Koehler, James H. Cloud, Oliver J. Whildin, Franklin C. Smielan and George A. Heffon, and Henry J. Pulver, who is at present a student.

SCRANTON NOTES

A surprise party was given to Miss Elizabeth Laird, a sister of Mrs. W. H. Morgan, in Scranton, on the 24th of last February. She is a very pleasant lady.

About 25 deaf-mutes of Scranton gave Mrs. M. Karins a surprise party on March 12th. Mrs. Karins is a happy woman in middle life. She has two grown daughters and two sons.

Misses Susie McKinney and Elizabeth Laird, spent a month with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morgan, of Scranton (formerly Miss Maggie Laird, of Phila.). They enjoyed their visit very much. They returned home on March 13th.

The following was clipped from a Philadelphia paper in the latter part of last January. We mislaid it and just found it again. It may be of some historical interest.

In fine health and spirits, despite their age, Mr. and Mrs. Azei Steven Roe, of No. 2316 South Twenty-second Street, celebrated yesterday the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Roe is eighty-two and his wife eighty. Mr. Roe was born at East Windsor, Ct., and was one of a family of seven children. His father, Steven Roe, was a novelist who enjoyed popularity at the time of the civil war.

In 1858 Mr Roe accepted the position of professor in the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Baton Rouge, La, where he met the young woman who is now Mrs. Roe and who was teaching at the same institution. They were married on January 31st, 1861, shortly afterwards left the school, which closed at the outbreak of the Civil War, had come North to East Windsor. After the war was ended Mr. Roe traveled West and took up the study of music, which has been his profession ever since. Mrs. Roe joined him a year later. It was in Colorado that a daughter was born to them, whom they named Virginia. At the present time Miss Roe is a teacher at the Jackson Public School, Twelfth and Federal streets. They also became friends of Mark Twain in that State.

In 1870 they returned to Connecticut and again took up their abode in the old family homestead.

Mark Twain was also residing in Connecticut at the time and made many visits to them, during one of which he presented his host with an autographed volume of "Tom Sawyer." Mr. and Mrs. Roe came to Philadelphia in 1891 and have since remained here. Mr. Roe expects to continue teaching music, while Mrs. Roe spends much of her time knitting. She turned out 88 pairs of socks for our soldiers in the war.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will hold a stated meeting on Friday evening, April 23d next.

Mrs. Geo. A. LeVan left for Pittsburgh on March 15th, to visit her father and step-mother.

Mrs. Ross V. Mohr (Miss Rhea Schweireiner) returned from Cleveland, Ohio, leaving her husband behind, on March 11th. She will remain with her mother until the beginning of Summer, when she will again rejoin her husband in the west. Her friends here were surprised and pleased to see her again and find her looking so well.

Miss Edythe L. Dunner entertained the members of the Cleric Literary Association with short, pithy and amusing stories, last Thursday evening, March 17th. A good attendance was present at this meeting.

Mrs. Harry E. Stevens went to Carlisle, Pa., on March 15th, to see her sister for a few days or a week.

Irby H. Marchman has completed his course at the Lanston Monotype Machine Company and has already obtained a position with the Harper Publishing Company on Walnut Street.

After being idle for about seven months, Mr. Frank Duggan has obtained work in a tailoring establishment on Germantown Avenue.

Mrs. William A. Salter was called home by the serious illness of her father at Leipsic, Delaware. She left for that place on Saturday, 19th inst.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., held its monthly business meeting on Saturday evening, March 19th, at All Souls' Parish House. A good attendance was present.

Remember the entertainment at All Souls' Parish House on Saturday, April 2d. It promises to be one of the best entertainments given at the parish-house. Mrs. Nancy Moore will have charge of it. Proceeds for the Coal Fund.

Another moving picture entertainment will be given on Saturday evening, May 14th, the proceeds of which will also be for the Coal Fund of All Souls' Church.

St. Louis Briefs

"The Printer at Udells" was the subject of a very interesting reading by Miss Clara L. Steidemann at St. Thomas' Mission recently. It was the third of a series of several arranged for the present course to be given on certain Sunday evenings at the Mission.

The wedding of Miss Etta Rederer, of this city, and Mr. Jerry Esptien, of Milwaukee, is scheduled to take place early in May. The couple will reside in Milwaukee.

The March meeting of the Woman's Guild of St. Thomas Mission was held at the home of Mrs. Chas. Wess in Belleville. It was a well attended and enthusiastic gathering of devoted workers.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, lay-reader, officiated at St. Thomas' Mission on a recent Sunday. The attendance was good and the address quite interesting.

Mrs. Dorothy Pfaff Rendall, a former St. Louisian, but now a resident of Virginia, was in the city recently attending the funeral of her father, Dr. C. P. Pfaff. Mrs. Rendall is a graduate of Gallaudet School and was formerly a student at Gallaudet College.

Gallaudet School basketball team participated in a series of games under the auspices of the city public school authorities, the team succeeded in defeating every other team in the league at least once and in being defeated by every other team at least once. While it did not gain the coveted first place, it at least was able to keep out of the cellar, which was pretty good for its first season.

A sneak thief, or maybe it was a bold burglar, entered the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weber, during the absence of the family, on a recent evening, and stole about \$25 in cash. The unexpected return of the family saved the family silverware and other prized wedding gifts. Mr. Harry Stocksick was held up recently and relieved of his pay envelope—and his pay.

The Convention of the Illinois Association of the Deaf meets in Springfield, August 11th, 12th and 13th next. The Convention headquarters will be at Hotel St. Nicholas. The business meetings will be held in the State Senate Chamber. Mr. A. G. Rodenberger, of East St. Louis, is president of the Association and will make the Convention "the best ever."

The "Gallaudites," a basket ball team composed of present and former pupils of Gallaudet School, Messrs. Bremer, Kafka, Keim,

Forrest, Gauding, Bowler and Koebel, have been measuring their skill with local teams of young men. They plan to make it a regular feature next season, and if they do they will give a good account of themselves.

A class of fifteen were confirmed at St. Thomas Mission on the afternoon of Palm Sunday. The sermon by Bishop Johnson was interpreted by Miss Pearl Herdman. Prior to the confirmation service, one infant and six adults were baptized by the Rev. Dr. Cloud. Those confirmed were: Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. George Kranung, Misses Zola Schribner, Janie Fulkerson, Katie Halabrin, Messrs. Clint Forrest, Francis Rose, Harry Roesch, Samuel White, Everett McCoy, Richard Ritter, Fleming Boen, Joseph Ifland.

SEATTLE, WASH.

We notice that T. C. M., Oregon correspondent for the JOURNAL, occasionally puts several items of Seattle news in with his Oregon dope. The result of this should not convince easterners that Seattle is in Oregon. In fact, as far as importance is concerned, Seattle might store Oregon away in one of its suburbs.

Officers of the P. S. A. D. (elected in February) are:—President, C. K. McConnell; Vice-President, Mrs. Brown; Secretary, O. Sanders (re-elected); Treasurer, J. Bodley (re-elected); Sergeant-at-Arms, Al Gumaer; Directors, Dr. Hanson and Mrs. C. K. McConnell; Trustees, A. W. Wright and True Partridge.

The new officers of the P. S. A. D. began their duties at the last meeting. President McConnell introduced a new order by calling on Mr. Holcombe to open with prayer. The meeting was lively.

Church services for the deaf are now held the first and third Sunday of each month, at St. Mark's Episcopal at 3 P. M. Mr. Holcombe will act as lay-reader under the direction of the Rev. John McLaughlan.

The second and fourth Sunday services are held at the Lutheran Church, where Rev. Geo. Gaertner explains the scriptures.

Rev. Gaertner has done good work for the deaf since coming to Seattle, not only in a spiritual way but comforting the sick and assisting the unemployed.

A. W. Wright has sold his fruit ranch at Tifton (near Yakima), and also his large chicken ranch north of town. His family are now again residents within the city limits. He and Otto Klawitter have formed a partnership in the movie theatre business and run the Gem Theatre, which is opposite the 42-story L. C. Smith building.

Roy Harris and family have gone to Wenatchee, Wash., where Roy will have plenty carpentry work during the summer. As he resigned as trustee of the Frats, O. Sanders was elected to fill the vacancy.

Joe Bixler, who knows more or less of Indiana, has again located in Wenatchee. He was in town last week, purchasing photo supplies, which he will take to Wenatchee and start a photo studio. He was formerly for many years located at that place.

Larry Belser took a run down to Wenatchee the other day to see his old home. He now has his eyes on California, the land of golden sunshine.

A. K. Waugh, who is in Oakland, Cal., finds work a little quiet at times. He returns to Seattle in June. Mrs. Waugh contemplates a trip to Chicago this summer.

Holger Jensen, formerly of Olympia, dropped in from Akron on an extended vacation. He returns to Goodyear when business is better. Not liking to be the idle, he at once secured a position with the Western Tire Co., of Tacoma.

In Rev. Gaertner's absence, Sunday service was conducted by Rev. Beyer, of Portland, Ore., on February 27th.

Mrs. C. O. Neil, of Milwaukee, left February 12th for California, where she will visit awhile before returning east. She was a school-mate Mrs. McConnell, who made her month's stay here very enjoyable.

Carl Garrison and wife were in town last week attending the funeral of a relative. They expect soon to locate in Seattle. Carl has a fine piece of property at Camano Island. His house overlooks the bay and is only a short distance from the dock. However, the bustle of city life appeals to them.

Our elderly friend, Cyril Vincent, is doing some tall stepping these days. A nephew of his is a member of the British Parliament.

Notary Public Partridge has been a busy man lately helping make out income tax blanks.

G. M. Thomle, president of the Norway Pacific Shipbuilding Company, in Everett, announces ship contracts valued at \$15,750,000 have been secured.

This calls for six 12,500 ton steel tankers, the last of the hulls to be delivered early in 1922. The plant is expected to employ 2,200 to 2,500 men. Work is to begin in the immediate future, probably a month or two.

The Everett concern thus becomes the largest operating plant

in Puget Sound, with additional construction and repair work in sight to insure operation for a protracted period.

Here may be opportunity for the deaf laid off from the Vancouver shipyards, as well as others.

Bryan Wilson has a steady position in the repair department of the Seattle Municipal Railway. Bryan is one of those sensible fellows who began at the bottom and worked up, sticking to his job during the war while others threw up good positions for temporary high wages in the shipyards. Bryan is now drawing something over \$7 a day, while many who threw up their jobs are now tramping the streets looking for work.

Continually jumping from one job to another is ruining the efficiency of many deaf, and leaving them out of work in times of work shortage.

The February 26th Masquerade was finely engineered off by Al Gumaer, ably assisted by Mr. Minnick. Around a hundred were dressed in costumes ranging from the gorgeous to the ridiculous, and they were difficult to recognize. Mrs. Chas. Gillis, who came from Vancouver, Washington, without our knowledge, was one of these. Mr. Root was without his mustache, thereby going into ambush. Dr. Hanson's and Miss W. Chapman's startling costumes captured 1st prizes. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Gustin carried off second honors.

The big question of debate is, "what caused the big five gallon glass jar of elder that was brought for the Masquerade to break?" Some wicked wag says it was caused by excessive fermentation.

Al Gumaer had a tooth extracted recently, and while under "gas" made a rather hurried but remarkably inexpensive tour through England, France, Belgium and Germany. He visited the battlefields of France, and says that he now knows what a gas attack is like. This is one way to travel abroad at home.

Bill West, "Alaska Soundough," left Seattle March 1st (probably for the last time) for Dawson, Yukon Territory. The old Yukoner will again march over frozen trails.

Mr. John Bodley took a hurried trip to Centralia last week to attend the funeral of a relative.

C. L. Peacher, of Montana, and for sixteen years a miner in different copper and silver mines in the west, spent the winter months in Seattle. For the last eight years he has been steadily employed in Chevelah mines. He purchased a tin Lizzie two weeks ago and suddenly disappeared from Seattle. His plan was to tour the country in this rattle box.

Miss Bertha Stowe left February 3d for Minnesota, to visit friends and relatives.

We have heard from three different sources about the engagement of two of our popular friends. However, there are so many chances for a slip up between the time a fellow asks the girls and she says yes, and when he asks father and he says yes, that we are going to wait until all these details are settled before mentioning any names.

March 17, 1921. O. A. S.

In Memoriam

At a meeting of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes, held March 3d, 1921, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, In His infinite wisdom, our Almighty Father has taken from us one who was so devoted to the deaf and highly honored by all who knew him; and,

WHEREAS, Rev. John Chamberlain spent his life in indefatigable labor for the welfare of deaf-mutes, in his death the Brooklyn Guild has sustained an irreparable loss, the sense of which can only be lightened by the sweetness of the memory which its members retain of him; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes be, and is hereby extended to his wife and family in their bereavement, with the assurance of our never failing prayer that our Heavenly Father will be very near to them in their loneliness; and, further,

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on our records as a testimonial of our unceasing love and respect for our deceased counselor and friend.

MRS. HARRY LIEBSOHN,
MISS ELIZABETH ANDERSON,
ROBERT KERSTETTER.

Gas Kills Woman Deaf and Dumb.

Mrs. Sarah Nash, fifty-five, of 291 North Seventh Street, was found dead in her room yesterday from the effects of gas.

County Physician Warren, who viewed the body, said death was accidental. A jet in the room was partly opened. The police believe the aged woman, who had suffered from an injured right hand, neglected to turn off the gas completely before she retired Tuesday night. Mrs. Nash boarded with Mrs. Mortimer Van Moppes, and was employed in Red Cross work. She was deaf and dumb.—*Newark, N. J., Star-Eagle, March 10th.*

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\$500 and \$1000 bonds of above issues can also be obtained. Accrued interest is to be added to the price. Prices quoted are subject to market changes.

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—AT—

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Magic --- Music --- Dancing
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Saturday Evening, April 16, 1921

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

GOOD PRIZES

ADMISSION, - (including refreshments) - 50 CENTS

June 25—Strawberry Festival Nov. 23—Thanksgiving Party
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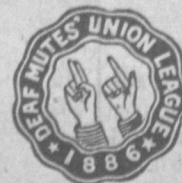
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— OF THE —

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Monday Afternoon, May 30, 1921

FROM 2 P.M. UNTIL 6 P.M.

Events open to the Graduates and Students of Fanwood:

1. Centipede Race.
2. Tunnel Ball.
3. Sack Race.
4. Pillow Fighting.
5. Tug-of-War.

1. 100-yds. Dash (handicap limited 8 feet).
2. One Mile Run.
3. One Mile Relay Race.
4. 70-yds Hurdle Dash. (Three Hurdles).
5. Wrestling Match—Lowest Time. (Weight limit 140, 125, 115 lbs.)

PRIZES—Gold Medal for 1st Place.
Gold Scarf Pin for 2d Place.
Bronze Medal for 3d Place.

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

To be eligible for events, athletes must be graduates of Fanwood. Entries will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Ft. Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 15th. Entrance fee, individual event, 15 cents.

Admission to Grounds, 25 Cents

No Entry will be received except upon this form.

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Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelli, President; Jack Seitzer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 W. 125th Street, New York City.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 590 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, DEXTER H. HANLEY, Secretary, 1590 Avenue A, New York City, or ALEX E. PACH, Grand Vice-President, 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York. The S. A. C. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 255 Duffield Street, near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

VISITORS IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor.

61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings..... First Saturdays
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Club rooms open every day

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

First Congregational Church
Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Visiting mutes are welcome.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue, first Thursdays of each month, at 8 P.M.

GUILD MEETINGS	ENTERTAINMENTS
Feb. 3	1921
Feb. 10	Sat., Feb. 26, Spider Web Party.
Mar.	Sat., Mar. 19, Lecture by Rev. John H. Kent.
April 7	Sat., Apr. 23, Apr. & N'e Tie
May 5	Sat., May 28, Outing
June 2	Sat., June 11, Strawberry Fest.